

THE PEOPLE OF INNSMOUTH

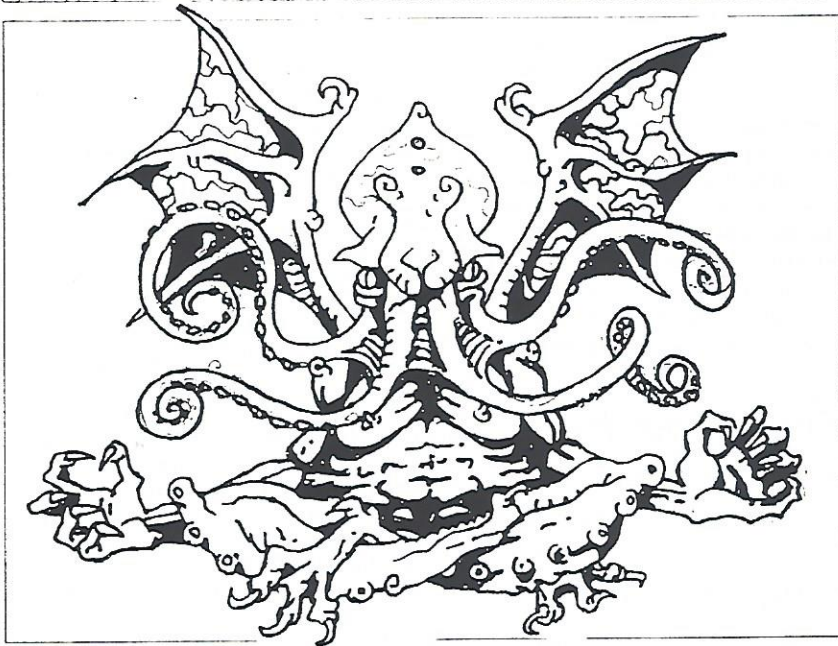
Fanclub Newsletter

Seventh Issue

November 1994

Most letters see
print! The People
of Innsmouth: 2602
Campbell Ave
Abbotsford BC
V2S 4A4. Letters
to the editor: 6122
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2H9

THE OFFICIAL FAN CLUB OF



1995 CALENDAR

The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets are maliciously proud to offer their second CYBER- CTHULHU calendar for the 1995 year. As usual, the calendar will be chock-full of interesting information, presenting the birthdays of contributors as well as The People of Innsmouth, historic events such as the band's first performance, and the greatest disasters of the world, not to mention Lovecraftian dates such as when "the stars will be right." All of the artists from last year will be returning to prove their worth, including Chris Woods, Joshua Pratt, and of course Toren G. Atkinson, Boob Fustie and Warren Banks, but we welcome new contributors Dennis Detwiler from Pagan Publishing, and Tom Kalichak from Chaosium. All this for only six bucks (plus postage)! Buy one to use and one to polybag and sell in 25 years for thousands of dollars. I'll remind you that most "non-evil" store bought calendars can be upwards of \$14 and that their Cthulhu-quotient is remarkably low. See the order form on page four to order. If you haven't mailed us your birthdate yet, there still may be time to get it in the calendar!

UNDERINGS BREAK

Dear Friends: (August, 1994)

I think that The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets are keen. I just finished listening to Hurts Like Hell! and I enjoyed it very much. I am still waiting for that Veritable Shrine Compilation CD to come out. I've been hearing about it for so long now, I'm beginning to think that it will never come out and you guys were just making it all up. I hate when people make up stories. There was this one time when I was in grade 9 and my friend told me that an airplane full of people had crashed in the school field. I thought to myself, "that's strange. I think I would have heard an airplane crash." I have pretty good hearing you know. I could always hear my mom when she would call me for dinner, even if I was way down at the end of our street. Some friends and I had a tree house down there. It was really cool. We used to throw water balloons at people as they walked by until one day when we hit my friend's dad. Boy, was he mad. He would have given us all a good strapping if he wasn't in his wheelchair. We just hid up in the tree house until he left. He stayed there for two hours. That seemed like so long to us. I don't like to wait, but then again, who does?

Anyway, I would very much like to be a Person of Innsmouth, if that's OK with you. My mother always told me that being a member of a prestigious club would be very good for building my character and giving me a sense of self-worth. Also many people tell me that it looks good on a resume.

I got a new car the other day. My old one broke down. I got my new one for free! No really, my friend gave it to me because it was given to him. Good deal, huh? It's got a big dent in the side but I don't care. What's the cheapest vehicle you guys have ever owned? My friend has a motor scooter

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THE LOVECRAFT CORNER

As some of you may know, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets were recently accepted into two musical conferences in the United States. On October 8, the band played at the Casbah in San Diego, and on the 15th, they played at the outdoor musical festival in New Orleans. Warren and Toren decided to make a road trip out of the excursion, while Jordan and Boob rented a van for the first weekend and flew into New Orleans for the next.

On the way to San Diego, Warren and Toren stopped in Seattle for a visit to Pagan Publishing. There they were witness to dim horrors and other strange productions of the Pagan team which set their tentacles on fiery delight. T-shirts were swapped, and the band left some CTHULHURIFFOMANIAS for the Seattlers to advertise and sell through their mail-order catalogue, THE OUTSIDER.

Toren, along with a couple of other interesting items, picked up a copy of CTHULHU'S HEIRS, a very good anthology book of new Cthulhu Mythos fiction, published by Chaosium. This was to become a reading staple for the long journey ahead, and it so struck him that he wrote up a review of the book:

All People of Innsmouth will love CTHULHU'S HEIRS, an oversize paperback with a \$9.95 American price tag, published by Chaosium, the makers of the CALL OF CTHULHU role-playing game. It contains 17 new, original Cthulhu Mythos stories, as well as two rare reprints, an original play and a long poem.

It is up to the reader to decide which stories fit his own particular vision of what the Cthulhu Mythos was meant to be. Realizing that the authors do not necessarily share my concern, I constantly asked myself throughout the reading "what would Lovecraft think about this?" I wondered whether he would have accepted radio waves and computer terminals as instruments of the Great Old Ones. Although I saw no logical reason for HPL to disavow such interpretations, the question remains unanswered in my mind. That thought aside, CTHULHU'S HEIRS is unquestionably indispensable for collectors of Lovecraft mythology.

My favourites? "Those of the Air," by Darrel Schweitzer and Jason Van Hollander, but of course "The Dunwich Horror" was always one of HPL's best to start, and thus a "sequel" could hardly be disappointing.

"The Scourge" by Charles M. Saplak left room in the story for me to paint vivid images of what the author left hanging, mentioned briefly, or merely intimated.

Dan Perez's "The Likeness" pandered successfully to my weakness for the physical aspects of the human and inhuman body, although I cannot recall ever having heard of the entity Vthyarilops.

"The Herald" by Daniel M. Burrello must be read to be appreciated, as the discomfort it conveys cannot be described on (this) paper.

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THE LOVECRAFT CORNER

continued from page one

"Typo" was a story I immediately forced on a kindred mythos follower the very moment I finished it. It, too, harbored the direct, almost super-heroic confrontation, rather than the subtle influencing by forces from Beyond, which holds a special place in my heart. My thanks to Michael D. Winkle for keeping the mythos references as tight as possible.

Other authors include Ramsey Campbell, Robert M. Price, D.F. Lewis and Scott David Aniolowski. Overall, the book is quite satisfying, and I highly recommend it. Try ordering it through your local hobby/games store or talk to Chaosium at 950-1 56TH St, Oakland CA, 94608-3129, or Pagan Publishing at 1910 N. 49th St., Seattle WA, 98103.

WANTED: CTHULHU MYTHOS STORIES

Oklahoma's YIG PRESS is proud to announce that the Lovecraftian literary journal *MYTHOS* is now accepting submissions of Cthulhu Mythos fiction! If you have a story that you feel is good enough to be printed, send it today!

Unfortunately, we won't be able to pay for the use of the material, but we will issue free copies to contributors. Stories need not deal with specific elements of Cthulhu Mythos lore; as long as they are sufficiently Lovecraftian they will have a place in our publication. We also need articles and artwork depicting various aspects of the Mythos.

MYTHOS one can boast of containing material by A.A. Anastasio, E.P. Berglund, Lew Cabos, Ramsey Campbell, Lin Carter, John Glasby, Tani Jantsang, Robert M. Price, Wilum H. Pugmire, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Peter Smith, and Richard L. Tierney.

Don't miss out! Send your Mythos related material at once or suffer the curse of Yig!

Thanks for your interest, Allen Mackey, editor. Yig Press, P.O. Box 1752, Chickasha, Ok 73023.

In other Lovecraft news, a new computer video game focuses on the world of the Great Old Ones and their ilk. *SHADOW OF THE COMET* (\$79.95 US IBM compatible 386-16 MHz, 2MB RAM, VGA graphics, CD-ROM; supports most major sound cards. I-Motion Santa Monica, CA (800)443-3386) is an adventure game set in the shadowy town of Ilsmouth, the inhabitants of which are trying to open a gateway to "the other side." The appearance of Haley's comet is a prerequisite for the mystical venture. The player spends the game tracking down clues as to what is going on, and eventually confronts Lovecraftian nasties. I quote from Allen L. Greenberg's article in *COMPUTER GAMING WORLD* (Oct 1994): *While the threat of supernatural consequences hangs ceaselessly over [the player], COMET spends much of its time as a conventional mystery game before it finally emerges as an occult thriller. Faded messages, obscure diary entries, and a vague bible reference are the main*

instruments with which you, in the role of Parker, will save the human race.... Parker descends below the town cemetery and discovers a cryptic maze, the home of one of Ilsmouth's major demons.... As the game progresses, Parker's discoveries become increasingly bizarre, and the solutions to his puzzles increasingly supernatural.... These creatures are drawn in classically Lovecraft fashion, so that they somewhat resemble a seafood dinner that has suddenly turned on its would-be-eater. Rather more impressive than its graphics are the games' sound effects, which make for an effective background to the drama.... COMET is a difficult game which will probably frustrate any novice who does not have access to a seasoned gaming "coach," or at least a generous supply of hints. Please be advised that a conglomeration of grotesque other-worldly gods may very well be observing you as you attempt to solve this game, and that these creatures are quite experienced at recognizing human obsession and taking full advantage of it.

UNDERINGS SPEAK

continued from page one

and it cost him 90 bucks to insure it and costs him 2 bucks to fill the tank and that could last him almost two weeks.

-Wayne Smith, Langley, B.C.

Well, Wayne, let me see if I can't answer all of your questions. The Veritable Shrine compilation CD, "FRASER VALLEY CHAMPIONS," is now available, and it is really good.. Just ask anyone (whose heard it). Buy it at HMV, A&B, Track Records, Zulu, or Sam The Record Man (or, if you want to spend money on postage, buy it from us).

Maybe that airplane crash DID happen, but it wasn't an airplane, and the government covered it up, and that's why you thought your friend lied to you. Myself and the boys used to go water ballooning in a car, hurling them at pedestrians and cyclists in the wee hours. It was pretty fun until some drunkard chased us in their car and smashed our back window open with a real estate sign.

Your mother was right. Being a Person of Innsmouth is VERY good for your self worth. You can rest easy that you are now infinitely superior to everyone else except the founders, and the Old Ones we revere. But a word of warning: put it on your resume only if you are applying for the job of mortician, or occult bookstore worker, or chief justice of the supreme court. Regarding your query about cheap cars, I'd have to say that if I ever had a cheap vehicle, it was never cheap enough. In fact, that's why I have to bum rides off of my friends today. I have sworn off cars like they were tobacco or alcohol. They cost thousands of dollars to buy, hundreds to insure, hundreds more to maintain and fuel, hundreds to get out of the tow truck lot and pay off traffic violations. You can seldom find a parking space, they constantly break down, pollute the planet, and are a general source of stress. And for what? So that you can go to work quickly so that you can have money to pay for your car and to pay for alcohol which you buy so that you can forget about your stress (often car-related). Feh! Meanwhile, the rest of the world adores and worships these things. You can see why I've turned against my species.

Well, lemme tell ya! (Says Boob Fustie) I had just moved out on my own (17) and I needed a vehicle, vis a vis, something to drive. My good lady

girlfriend, (who now is my good lady wife, soon to be my good lady mother of my spawn) used to drive a 1976 Ford Maverick 2-door, white w/tan interior, and her father was selling it as she had a brand new car. Well, I got suckered into it for 800 bucks. Not a bad deal really, I thought, UNTIL IT BROKE IN HALF! Yes, just before Cthulhumas in 1986, steering became difficult (due to the fact that the power steering arm had been torn from the rusty frame) and lo and behold it was nigh on death, so I traded it in on a newer car at a car lot and the next day it broke right in half!

Jordan says: The cheapest car I have ever owned I purchased with a coat hanger and a .45 slug. This car served me well until I left it in an airport parking lot with no windows and a body in the trunk.

Just Warren Banks has this to say on the subject:

I have owned two cars in my short existence. My current car, the ever-luxurious and reliable Ford Tempo is a wonder to behold with all its modern amenities: air conditioning, AM/FM cassette deck, power steering and brakes and reclining bucket seats. It is what I would consider the height of my car owning existence. How did I manage to get such a fine car? Well I believe in the karmic cycle and I am fully convinced that I received the Tempo as a reward for my first vehicle which was a '74 VW van--a righting of the wrong that are Volkswagens. If anyone gets the false idea in their head that it is cool to own a VW of any sort that is older than a '92 then you are in for a world of hurt: costly and frequent repair bills and the comfort of a Burmese tiger trap all rolled into one shoddy metal crate. Oh sure, it's all peace and love when the vehicle is running but let me tell you something sister, that ain't for long. I'm generally an easy-going guy but when I've got to be somewhere, I want to get there the same day or I become quite frustrated. My Ford Tempo is a God compared to a Volkswagen and if I hadn't already found Cthulhu, I would be singing the praises of a smooth, comfortable ride that won't end a mile into the journey with a snapped clutch cable.

Dear Toren, Warren, Jordan and Boob: (September, 1994)

I would love to join The People of Innsmouth and get cool free stuff in the mail. I bought two of your fabulous tapes from my dear friend Jessica and what can I say, they just turn my frown upside down! I came to see you play at the South Wall a while ago and you played great, even better than the tapes. I am wondering if you are putting out any new tapes soon and when all your next shows are and where. Toren, what kind of soap do you prefer? Warren, what kind of razor did you use to shave all that facial hair? Jordan, I am curious to what kind of shampoo you use and Bob, what is your favourite brand of deodorant? Just curious. I use Pears soap, Gillette Sensor, whatever shampoo is in the shower, and Secret Sporty Clean!

--Karly Thorleifson, White Rock, B.C.

Well hey then there now, Karly, thank you ever so much for writing to The People of Innsmouth and requesting membership. Soon you will be sporting the "Innsmouth look." Your eyes will bulge, your lips will become flabby, and your neck will shrink. You will feel an irresistible pull towards the sea.

I feel sad that the only time you saw us perform live was at South Wall, because that was a poopy show, in my unprofessional opinion. We hope to be putting out a CD (with cassettes of course) filled to capacity with evil music and assorted weirdness in January or February of the new year.

I, myself, have a special place in my heart for all things abrasive and irritating, so Ivory is the soap of choice for my showers. Warren used a Gillette



Sensor with lubricated strip and dual head action to shave himself on that milestone day. Boob uses the new Gillette gel stuff under his overfollicled pits. He does however hold a special place in his sweat glands for Old Spice Musk stick deodorant which he used for a number of years in high school. Jordan's shampoo is supplied by the government in whatever safehouse in whatever country he happens to be in.

I.D. CARDS resolicited from vol. 4

Attention People of Innsmouth: You have, by joining this fan club, forsaken the "proper" customs of our deteriorating society, and have accepted Cthulhu as the true unyielding answer to all earthly problems. Your names have been entered into the Pnakotic Manuscripts by our corral of Yithians, and your place in the new order has been secured. However, it is important to be able to identify yourself and your allegiance when the stars finally become aligned, so we offer the official I.D. cards of the People of Innsmouth. Just send us a photo of yourself along with some kind of coupon, such as a free pass to a movie, \$1 off cat food, 2 for 1 Subway subs, or some such thing (as long as it is a major brand name that we can use - no automotive stuff please), and we will make you up a nice, wallet-size, laminated I.D. card to frighten your relatives to their utter death!

THE PRATT FILES

Jordan Pratt sometimes drums for *The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets*. Most of the time, however, he's being intolerant. You know, someday if and when the *Pratt Files* ever comes to a conclusion, we'll collect them and print up a book. Well, actually we won't...but it's something to think about...

As I suspected, the armored car was on its side. All six of its tires were gone and one axle hung freely. It billowed smoke from the hole in its side. Warren and I agreed no one could have lived through that. If any of the crew had survived, they probably weren't a threat to us any more. We kicked around the wreckage and salvaged what we could. We only had a few hours or minutes until someone came by to see what all the commotion was about. We packed up all the ammo we could carry that would do us any good and headed straight into the jungle. It was fair to say that I had lost hope completely and utterly. I was just going to see how many others I could drag with me. As usual, as soon as we stepped into the forest primeval, Warren had his bearings.

We took as much time as we could spare to hide our trail and our efforts may have bought us the time we needed. For the next three days, our only luxury besides chewing coca leaves was smoking Warren's endless supply of cheap government tobacco.

Warren had us heading north through the foothills and into the mountains. Stopping only to sleep or to kill the occasional small animal for sustenance, we gradually left the stifling heat of the jungle and broke into the grasslands. We avoided towns and villages and only encountered roads as we followed small creeks and streams to their sources.

We had considered commandeering a vehicle
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ALL TOO GRUESOME

Last issue we let *The People of Innsmouth* in on our surplus of *iMPACT MUSIC VOLUME THREE* compact discs (not the *Veritable Shrine* compilation CDs, Christian), and offered the extras to the first five Innsmouthians to send us a grisly and disturbing true story. Starting with this issue, we shall begin to print these stories of horror. Oh, look, here's one now:

Hey Thicket-

Ia Cthulhu Fithaghn! My name is Christian Klepac, and my job (ha, ha) is Office Manager and associate editor for that bastion of perverse and brain-melting lore known as Pagan Publishing. My roommates, John Tynes and Dennis Detwiller, have been receiving your *People of Innsmouth* newsletter for some time, and now I want to get in on the fun. Please, take me into the bosom of your unmentionable clan as one of the shunned, cursed, and generally not-so-nice goo-dripping *People of Innsmouth!* A few months ago, we received your album, "Cthulhuriffomania," and I liked it so much that I wrote up a review of it that will be seeing print in the next issue of *The Unspeakable Oath*, our singularly mind-bending magazine. All praises to the *Mighty Messenger*, to the *Thing that Should Not Be*, to the *Burrower Beneath*, and to He who lies sleeping in His tomb at corpse-haunted R'lyeh!

Anyhow, I read about the new *Veritable Shrine* compilation in your latest newsletter, so I thought I'd enter the contest with a story from rural Minnesota, where my family takes its yearly vacations. It seems that a rich hunter-fisher yuppie type was doing some hiking and camping stuff one weekend in the Minnesota woods. He felt the call of nature, and stepped into a nearby outhouse. While he was doing his business, an unfortunate turn of events occurred. His wallet, containing several hundred dollars in cash, somehow slipped into the hole, landing several feet below with a nauseating "plop." So, what does our intrepid hero do? Does he trek back to civilization, counting the money as an unfortunate but unavoidable loss? Does he go to a nearby woodsman's property to ask for assistance? NO! The clown lowers himself bodily into the pit after his precious greenbacks. The funny thing was, as he was lowering himself down, his grip...slipped. The man found himself waist deep in human excrement, trying desperately to breathe deeply enough to scream for help. I believe that he was down there for something like 24 hours, I know it was at least overnight. The events that occurred during that time period are best left to your fiendish imaginations.

Well, I think that's about all I've got. If the [*Darkest of the Hillside*] Thickets have any plans to play the greater Seattle area in the near future, please let me know, as I am just itching to see you guys in a live performance. I've included a few stamps [good man!-TGA.] just in case you feel like mailing me some gruesome surprises. All praises to Great Cthulhu! All praises to Hastur and the Yellow Sign! Ia, Yog-Sothoth Neblood Zin!

-Christian Klepac, Seattle, Washington.



A SCENE FROM LAST YEARS CALENDAR.
CAN YOU AFFORD TO MISS THE NEW ONE?

THE STRANGE CASE OF TOREN McBORNEN MacBIN

In addition to the regular bitchings that grace the pages of *The People of Innsmouth* newsletter, I'd like to put my two cents in (or in this case, \$20) about how Cthulhu should crush the world...and soon.

Some of you may know that I am a fan of H. P. Lovecraft's. The poor dead gent was such a swell writer, and how about that Cthulhu Mythos? There are many publications out there dedicated to HPL and related horribleness, and I am one of the people willing to spend my hard-earned cash to get my loathsome nippers on said books. As such, I ordered \$44.90 worth of "Crypt of Cthulhu"s and such. Now that's \$44.90 American, as *Necronomicon Press* is based in Rhode Island. I figured that the exchange rate was about 30%, so I head out to the post office to get a money order, assuming I'll need about \$58 Canadian. Wow, that's a lot isn't it? "Oh well," I thought, "that's the price you pay for being a fanatic" -- a thought with which all of you can personally relate, I'm sure. Well, lo and behold, I get to the post office, and they tell me (well, actually, I overhear) that's it's 40%. This is not the general exchange rate. This is the super-we're-the-fucking-post-office-we-can-do-as-we-please-and-you'll-sit-there-and-like-it rate. And then they have the balls--as if they don't know who they're dealing with--to tack on another \$2.50 surcharge, and then some tax as well! So now I'm paying \$70 for \$45 worth of books. ERG!

Oh, and by the way, for all us Canadians, stamps are going up from .43 to .45 beginning October 1 (although by the time you read this, I'm sure you've already fumed yourself out. Or have you? Arise! Cast off your mortal inhibitions! We cannot let The Man dictate his terms to us! Rise up and kill!)

BACK ISSUES

Issues 2 through 6 of the exceedingly unpopular *PEOPLE OF INNSMOUTH* newsletter are available. Send us AT LEAST 43 cents worth of stamps and we will rush them out to you.



THE PRATT FILES

from page 3

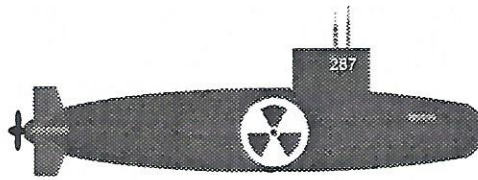
of some kind but the only reliable transportation were the jeeps and aging deuce and a halves that patrolled the dusty roads. As we travelled further and further north the troops and vehicles of the government grew more shabby and dishevelled but we calculated the risk of killing and entire patrol and stealing their vehicle as too great. After one or two close calls, Warren hit upon the idea of travelling at night to avoid detection. This jibed well with my plan of trying to stay alive as long as possible. Our destination lay far above us in the lofty, mist shrouded mountains where the secret base of the local guerilla faction was located. We didn't know what our reception would be like seeing as how we would arrive starving, possibly injured, with only the weapons we had scrounged from the wreck. Still, it was our only chance seeing as how the rebels prided courage and perseverance against unlikely odds. We wasted little time thinking of what awaited us, we concentrated only on arriving at the rocky pine covered steppes in one piece.

...to be continued.

KILL CHRIS by Chris

Once upon a time, The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets had two guitar players. Can you believe that? TWO!! Can you seriously fathom the intensity of evil that such a circumstance could potentially generate? I can't. But one day I'll have enough money to buy myself a guitar, and I'll just annoy everyone twice as much as usual. Anyway, here's Chris to tell you his side of the story:

None of my friends know this, but it's time to



come clean. I am a serving line officer in the United States Navy Submarine Force (Atlantic). I have held the rank of Captain for the last four years and am the youngest man ever to attain this rank. You may ask yourself, "just what the heck does this have to do with his involvement as a guitarist in The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets in the summer and fall of 1992?"

Well, let me start where all stories begin...at the beginning. It was soon after I came state side from serving a solid four months at the command of the USS Scranton, the United States newest copy of the Los Angeles class fast attack sub. We had spent the majority of this time pounding the living bejezzus out of Saddam Hussein's fixed military installations with our vertically launched tomahawk cruise missiles and keeping tabs on the pathetic collection of cigarette boats he had the gall to call a navy.

As I was attending a luncheon with the Commander in Chief Submarine Force (Atlantic) in Washington later that year he pulled me aside in a hushed voice and confided in me that the first copy of the United States Navy's newest class of attack sub, the Seawolf, had only recently slid down the ways of the Electric Boat Company Shipyards in Connecticut and that I was to be her skipper. My heart leaped at this news and I immediately headed north to Groton, Connecticut to oversee their final outfitting and to command the first sea trials.

After several intense months of eighteen hour days and ceaseless coffee and cigarettes she was pronounced fit for active duty and awaited her first operational orders. It wasn't soon after that I was summoned back to Washington for a high

priority meeting at the Pentagon.

A great feeling of dread swept over me as I was whisked through security and hussled into a large conference room under Marine Guard. The room was filled with more brass than a World War 2 munitions factory and I could feel the sweat start to prickle underneath my dress blacks.

The briefing began with little preamble and I was soon informed that one of our "Boomers," an Ohio class ballistic missile submarine, had not returned from its patrol area in the southern Pacific. I blanched when I heard this, our submarine force sustains such a high standard of safety that a loss could mean only one thing, attack by unknown hostile forces.

All of our satellite and intelligence resources could find no explanation for this incident so it would be my mission to proceed to the area, assess the situation and deal with any hostile threat. ...concluded next issue

NEXT ISSUE...

THE PRATT FILES continues...more GRUESOME TALES...the conclusion of KILL CHRIS...THE MONSTER FILES return with a look at the Elder Things...and introducing SHUB NIGGURATH SPEAKS.

GIGS, GIGS, GIGS

Cthulhu's Good-time boys will be on hiatus for a while, preparing for their first CD release.

Experience the Horror that is The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets. For more information, call Warren at 604-8598291 or Toren at 604-8240981.

SCARE WEAR AND ACCESSORIES

POSTAGE SUCKS BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? Ordering through the mail is a silly thing, but necessary. State your order CLEARLY. All postage is \$3 in Canada and \$5 in US. Cheques or money orders are best. We do not accept credit cards of any kind. Do NOT NOT NOT send change through the mail. We try to keep our prices as low as possible while still keeping our heads above water so the prices here allow both of us to win in the end. You may not agree but we have yet to find a cheaper way. That's just the way it is. The \$\$\$ goes to: 6122 Glengarry Dr., Sardis, B.C. V2R 2H9 Canada.

CASSETTES

GURGLE! GURGLE! GURGLE!
We've made another run of these, our first cassette. Three songs for the die-hard collector. \$5 plus postage.

HURTS LIKE HELL!

Our second cassette. Eight songs including Tapped and Feathered, Jimmy the Squid, Worship Me Like A God and more. \$6 plus postage. **CTHULHURIFFOMANIA!**

Our third and best release. Also our biggest with ten songs. Featuring current faves Colour Me Green, Space Ghosts and Mustard Gas. \$6 plus postage.

T-SHIRTS

WORSHIP ME LIKE A GOD SHIRT.

Our number one best seller! Purple short sleeve (\$15). Features green design of Cthulhu clutching the band in his oily mits. On back, a phoetal Cthulhu with the logo "Worship Me Like A God" **FEAR SHIRT.**

One colour prints on white short (\$15) or long (\$17) sleeves. On back, unspeakable text super-imposed over muscly Cthulhu clutching Earth! No wardrobe is complete without it

MISC.

VIDEO

See the band's three current videos. Diggin' Up The World, Worship Me Like A God and the all-new Colour Me Green. Plus, thrill to home recordings of the band from it's earliest days to the present. \$10 plus postage **COLOURING BOOK**

Puzzles, games and a lot of colouring. Plus the words to most of the songs on Hurts Like Hell! A must for anyone. \$2 plus postage. **STICKERS**

A consistently changing array of stickers to post in your home or work space \$1 for 3 stickers

MISC.

1995 CALENDAR

All new, all exciting, twelve months of pure Lovecraftian horror. Art by band members and other talented weirdos. Hey, Christmas is coming, so ACT NOW!!! \$6 plus postage.

The following items will be made to order depending on demand—if you want one, send a request, not money, and we will reply:

GREASY SPAWN TOQUES

One size fits all. Greasy Spawn embroidered in green on black longshoreman's toque. \$15 plus postage.

WORSHIP ME LIKE A GOD SHIRT

Long sleeve on black (\$18)